

WINNING THE WHEAT

TRANSPORTATION COST LOWERED BY PROTECTION.

As the Result of Making Our Steel Rails at Home Railway Freight Charges on Agricultural Products Have Been Reduced Over Eighty Per Cent.

The London Statist for August 15, 1903, contains a leading editorial article on Mr. Chambliss's colonial policy of discriminating duties, from which we take the following extract: "We have seen that between 1886 and 1902 the cost of carrying wheat for export from Chicago to New York was reduced by over 80 per cent—roughly, from a little over 23d. per bushel to a little under 4d. per bushel. In other words, during the period referred to the cost of carriage by railway over a distance of about a thousand miles was reduced 18.6d. per bushel. West of Chicago the reductions were certainly not less. Hence it will be seen that during the past 40 years the reduction in the cost of land carriage has been extraordinary. Furthermore, we have seen that the cost of carriage from New York to this country was reduced 2d. per bushel—that is to say, from 15-16d. to 1-7-16d. per bushel. Altogether, therefore, the cost of carrying wheat from Chicago to this country has been reduced during the past forty years from about 27d. per bushel to about 6d., or about 77 per cent. Is there any reason to suppose that the extreme limit of reduction has been reached? We fail to see any."

In this great reduction in the cost of transporting the Western farmer's wheat to New York and Liverpool American steel rail makers have borne a prominent and indispensable part. In 1860 we had not commenced the manufacture of steel rails and our entire supply was obtained from Great Britain, who charged us £15 10s. or \$75.43 per ton, on board ship. This sum did not include the cost of car-

riage across the Atlantic or the duty (see Fossick's History of the British Iron Trade). In 1871 we began the policy of adequately protecting our steel rail industry, with the result that we were soon producing steel rails as good as those of Great Britain at a much lower price than her rail makers had been charging us. This price was afterward steadily reduced, so that millions of tons of American steel rails have been supplied to American railroads at less than \$25 per ton, or less than one-third the British price of 1860. To-day the price is \$28, which is exactly the amount of the duty of 1871 on foreign steel rails.

But for the great reduction in the price of steel rails to American railroads during one period referred to by the Statist it would never have been possible for Western farmers to secure the low rates of transportation for their wheat that they have long enjoyed. Nor could we ever have built up our magnificent steel rail industry without the help of an adequately protective duty on foreign steel rails. We commend these indisputable facts to the consideration of our Iowa friends, who have been invited by Gov. Cummins to assist him to place steel rails in the free list. It may also be worth while to consider the further fact that all Western wheat growers are protected against the competition of the wheat growers of Manitoba and other British North American provinces by a duty of 25 cents a bushel on wheat and a duty of 25 per cent on the foreign value of wheat flour—Iron and Steel Bulletin.

There is no dream about all these cold millions in the banks, mostly placed there by and belonging to working people.

The total deposits in all the banks amount to about \$5,000,000,000, of which the savings fund, the money of the common people, make \$2,750,000,000—more than half. Clearly, not all the money in the country is owned by the great financiers.

This showing of money saved by the working people of the country becomes all the more remarkable when we take into consideration the prevailing high prices. Wages have not gone up in proportion to the universal increase in prices. With only a little more money to buy with, labor pays far more for all the comforts of life. Yet the savings report shows that their share in the benefits of prosperity is no small one.

Another important fact is to be gleaned from this report. Of the \$2,750,000 savings deposits the New England and Eastern States possess \$2,300,000,000, leaving only \$450,000,000—less than a sixth—for all the Central, Southern and Western States.

This proves not that the people of the Central, Southern and Western states are making less money than those of the East, but that in their younger and more thriving communities there are more inducements for investment. Throughout the great West farms are being paid for, homes are being built, natural resources are being developed and new industries established.

None of this can appear in a report of the controller of the treasury. But the savings thus invested are the

TWO-FOOT DRAGON-FLY.

Insect That Flourished During the Carboniferous Period.

Which is the largest insect is not an easy matter to decide, as the question of shape has to be taken into account.

The longest known insect is undoubtedly the stick insect of Borneo. Specimens thirteen inches in length have been captured. It is an interesting example of mimetic coloring, resembling in a remarkable manner a piece of rough stick. On the bough of a tree it is extremely difficult to distinguish between the insect and the bark.

Borneo is also the home of one of the largest species of dragon-fly. A specimen of the sub-family *Aschna* measures six inches and a half from wing to wing, and is endowed with a correspondingly strong body.

Another giant insect is the Hercules beetle, found in the West Indies, which rivals a sparrow in size, and might turn the scale against one in weight.

Some tropical butterflies measure from ten to twelve inches across their wings, as does the great owl moth of Brazil.

The largest insect of antiquity was a species of dragon-fly, which measured more than two feet across the expanded wings. It flourished during the carboniferous period.—Stray Stories.

GROWTH OF CARD PLAYING.

Now Recognized Form of Entertainment in City Homes.

Card playing is a popular amusement in all forms of household entertainments now," said the proprietor of a card playing school in West Fourteenth street, "and guests at a party who do not know how to play some of the family games feel out of place and are a bore to others. This home card playing and the fact that lists of prize winners at eucres are often given in the newspapers have worked a great change. The fact that society women play bridge whist for high stakes does not alter the fact that women in cozy quiet families may play it for pennies, or even for buttons. There are a number of families that are in the habit of meeting once a week for games, and play for nickels, the money being all put into a box. At the end of each month bridge whist or progressive whist is played for that. Then the money-playing objectors don't kick a bit."—New York Press.

The Main Question.

(A school of journalism is to be established at Columbia University at a cost of \$200,000.) The managing editor sat at his desk. A newspaper scholar quite picturesque, with a Van Dyke to tip his chin, and a neat suit, "I've a lot of accomplishments. To go over with you—had I better commence?"

Said the managing guy: "Begin!" Said the journalist: "I've a diploma here from the College of Journalism—in actual knowledge I haven't a peer, and my touch defies criticism. I am up on the process of making inks, and I can crack on the art of evolving ink."

In every degree of him! "I've gone all the way from bottom to top. And know how to print a journal—I never would call a policeman a 'cop.' For that were a break in the infernal. I never would stoop to the slang of the street—I'd always write 'beaten,' but never write 'beat.' Vulgarities I would spurn all!"

"And that, if you please, gives a vague idea. Of what I can offer you—"

"Mhm," said the managing guy, "I see—"

But what are you able to do? "I see—"

And the journalist stared in astonishment. Then he picked up his hat, and solemnly went.

"Way out where the chill breezes blow! Oh! ye who would hanker for newspaper fame."

Who the lucky in print would was. Think no more would bring your ambition to shame."

But here is a pointer for you: Your learning won't balance the weight of a sentence. With all your diplomas and all your degrees. Until you have learned how to DO!

Intelligent Criticism. A good story is going the rounds in musical circles illustrating the tendency of amateur musicians to criticize their professional superiors. A young lady with artistic aspirations attended church one Sunday not long since at St. Stephen's, where the blind organist, Mr. Wood, plays, and where the music is generally reputed to be very fine. After the service she met some friends, who inquired how she enjoyed the music.

"Oh, I enjoyed the singing very much," she replied, "but don't you think Mr. Wood played a little flat on the organ?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Much to Look At, but—

As E. H. Harriman walked down the gangplank of the Cedric when she docked last Saturday he was the center of interest to a party of New Yorkers waiting for friends.

"He doesn't look so much," remarked one woman, taking a hurried inventory of Mr. Harriman's five foot seven of stature, loosely hanging clothes, etc., "he is so little!"

"True for you," said her escort; "but diamonds and dynamite are not shipped by the carload, Harriman is both."—New York Times.

Why He Was Blue.

The late William Cary, for many years with the Century Company, is still spoken of affectionately by most of the authors of this country. He was a wit of the first order.

One day at the office of the magazine some one said:

"Say, Cary, what has been the matter with B. lately? He's as blue as indigo and refers dolefully to his salad days."

"Oh, that's the time when he was a lobster," said Mr. Cary cheerfully and at once.—New York Times.

HOLY LAND SCENES

Plains of Philistia and Sharon

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

"El Ruks; Jerusalem!" exclaims the deep guttural voice of the Turkish guard as the train, puffing and shrieking, brings the tourist of to-day into the little modern-looking depot of the city. The pensive traveler has difficulty in realizing that he has arrived at the goal of his desire, the Holy City, for he is hastily driven over a

The view from the tower is magnificent. The whole plain of Sharon, with its fresh verdure and beautiful bright colors glowing in the sunshine stretches out as far as eye can reach, from Mount Carmel on the north to Lydda on the south, and from the purple hills of Judea on the east to the blue Mediterranean sea on the west.



Abraham's Well.

dusty road to the hotel, which is situated in the midst of modern buildings.

What a different journey to the Holy City was experienced by the writer some twelve years ago. Starting from Jaffa, mounted on strong Arab horses, in the cool of the morning, we passed through its beautiful gardens, orange groves and corn fields, and entered the Plain of Philistia, "the land of the stranger."

Then we reached the Plain of Sharon, radiant with fields of scarlet anemones and innumerable other wild flowers. The red anemones are considered by the natives to be the lilies of the field of which Christ said that "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." At noon we dismounted and stopped at a wayside coffee house beside a fountain. The natives came around us, asking many questions. "Are you a man or a woman?" "Are you married—is this your son?"

We reached Ramlet late in the afternoon. Surrounded by tall, slender palms and olive trees, and in the midst of a sandy, barren plain, the village of Ramlet is a picturesque oasis, with its tall tower rising above the white houses. Some people think that the village stands on the site of the old Aramath, where Joseph

We passed Lydda, where Peter cured Aeneas. A legend tells that St. George was born in this town, and was buried in the church, which still stands. A picture represents his conflict with the dragon, and his runcle and finger bone are exhibited in a silver casket.

Soon after leaving Lydda we came to the rocky and ascending road which, winding in and out among bleak mountains, leads to the village of Beth-Horon. The stony path is surrounded by barren wastes, devoid of trees, yet bedecked with many gay flowerets, peeping from the crevices in the rocks.

Turning our eyes toward the east, we saw a landscape that was also grand, though desolate. For miles the scenery presented nothing but dark hills and valleys, till our gaze rested upon the silvery waters of the Dead sea, beautiful in the glistening light of the pale moon. This sea lay three thousand nine hundred feet below us, but in the clear, bright atmosphere of the Orient it seemed to be quite near, notwithstanding the miles of undulating country which separated us from it. We gazed on its wonderful beauty, and then again on the city before us, and we were filled with joy at the thought that in a few hours we would be within the walls of Jerusalem.



Abraham's Oak.

lived. The Tower of Ramlet, called that of the Forty Martyrs, is of Saracenic architecture. The Moslems claim that the "forty" were companions of the Prophet. Beside the tower stands the ruined remains of the "White Mosque," built in the fourteenth century by the son of Kalau.

sem, and our hearts would re-echo the joyful song of the psalmist, "Our feet stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

Memorial to Gen. Wauchope. In memory of General Wauchope killed at Magersfontein, a hospital has been erected at Perth.



CUPOLA SKETCHES

By BYRON WILLIAMS

He loved a little maiden And he loved but her alone; He yearned to tell her of it In a hushed heroic tone— But he hesitated! He stammered, and was afraid!

He loved her in the summer, And he loved her in the fall; Of all the pretty maidens He loved her best of all— But he hesitated! He stammered, and was afraid!

He followed her to Dresden, And he wooed her coming back; He longed to tell his passion From Rome to Hackensack— But he hesitated! He stammered, and was afraid!

For Italy he hurried, Where the land of sunsets gold Prompts man to grow romantic And to tell the story old! But he hesitated! He stammered, and was afraid!

Forthwith she shipped for Ireland, Where Dan Cupid bade him go To her, in secret conclave.



"HE STAMMERED, AND WAS AFRAID!" And say he loved her so! But he hesitated! He stammered, and was afraid!

Straightway she led him onward, And she paused beside a moor; "There's the famous Harney Stone," "And yonder is a boat!"

Did he hesitate? Or stammer? Was he afraid? He took a wondrous bracer, And he kissed her on the mouth; When last seen they were going Together 'told the South— Nor hesitating! Nor stammering! And not afraid!

The moral of this story, It is not amiss to state— To ask the girl you're spoons on Before it is too late!

Because traveling is expensive and while you are hesitating the girl may get another chance and leave you holding the sack. Don't be afraid of 'em, fellows, go right after the answer. They like to say "yes."

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Simple Simon Simmonds. Simple Simon Simmonds Was a foolish duncel! Couldn't read nor figger Not five minutes by one! Long an' lank an' humbly, Simple Simon was; Wheels inside his top-knot Always on the buzz! Walked around s' queer like, Studious of the stars, Had a gait peculiar, Like a pair o' bars!

When he ast the "Howdy?" Laughed an' said "He he!" Foolisher an' nothin'— Wust I ever see!

Simple Simon Simmonds Stopped the train that night! Loaded down with people On the home and flight! Down the grade cum "Sixty," Forty minutes late— Last day of September, Eighteen-ninety-eight! Washout in the gulch thar, Side o' Simmonds line! Night was dark an' drizzly, Time, nine-forty-nine!

Simple Simon Simmonds Hev'n th' engine too! Know'd th' rails was spreadin', Fill'n gone t' boot!

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